But ſhee hath loſt a dearer thing then life,
And he hath wonne what he would looſe againe,
This forced league doth force a further ſtrife,
This momentarie ioy breeds months of paine,
This hot deſire conuerts to colde diſdaine;
Pure chaſtitie is rifled of her ſtore,
And luſt the theefe farre poorer then before.

Looke as the full-fed Hound, or gorged Hawke,
Vnapt for tender ſmell, or ſpeedie flight,
Make ſlow purſuite, or altogether bauk,
The praie wherein by nature they delight:
So ſurfet-taking TARQVIN fares this night:
His taſt delicious, in digeſtion ſowring,
Deuoures his will that liu'd by fowle deuouring.

O deeper ſinne then bottomleſſe conceit
Can comprehend in ſtill imagination!
Drunken Deſire muſt vomite his receipt
Ere he can ſee his owne abhomination.
While Luſt is in his pride no exclamation
Can curbe his heat, or reine his raſh deſire,
Till like a Iade, ſelf-will himſelfe doth tire.

And then with lanke, and leane diſcolo
VVith heauie eye, knit-brow, and ſtren
Feeble deſire all recreant, poore and m
Like to a banckrout begger wailes his
The fleſh being proud, Deſire doth figh
For there it reuels, and when that de
The guiltie rebell for remiſſion prai

So fares it with this fault-full Lord of R
VVho this accompliſhment ſo hotly ch
For now againſt himſelfe he ſounds this
That through the length of times he ſtā
Beſides his ſoules faire temple is deface
To whoſe weake ruines muſter troo
To aske the ſpotted Princeſſe how ſh

Shee ſayes her ſubiects with fowle inſurr
Haue batterd downe her conſecrated w
And by their mortall fault brought in ſu
Her immortalitie, and made her thrall,
To liuing death and payne perpetuall.
VVhich in her preſcience ſhee contr
But her foreſight could not foreſtall t